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Heart-in-the-Lodge

"All a Mistake"

A. McG. BEEDE

AUTHOR OF

"SITTING BULL-CUSTER"



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DAKOTA

(A "Dakota" Mating-Dance Song, in the "Dakota" time-rythm. Each fifth line a male voice solo repeat.)

The big Man-in-the-Moon is high leaping,
The gay tomtom is drumming quick time;
 The glad stars dance a polka,
 Over rose-clad Dakota;
The Missouri is singing sweet chime;
Ha-ha-ha, ha, the tomtom's quick time,
Ha-ha-ha, ha, the river's sweet chime;
Hah'-ha-ha-, ha, Dakota, ha ha.

The young maidens are coming shy tripping,
Who is shooting the love-waking darts,
 In the starlight so ready,
 With his bowstring so steady,
To awaken the maidens' sweet hearts?
Ha-ha-ha, ha, the love-waking darts,
Ha-ha-ha, ha, maidens' sweet hearts;
Hah'-ha-ha-, ha, Dakota, ha ha.

The big Man-in-the-Moon is sly peeping,
At the summertime love-waking star;
 He is slapping his knee,
 He is shouting in glee,
"Love is better than war-clubs, ha ha!"
Ha-ha-ha, ha, the love-waking star;
Ha-ha-ha, ha, Dakota, ha, ha,
Hah'-ha-ha-, ha, Dakota, ha ha.

—A. McG. Beede.

PREFACE

Thanks to all for the kind reception of my "Sitting Bull-Custer" (out of print till another edition).

This drama, Heart-in-the-Lodge, is not difficult to play. Players, generally, should be of the race before whom the playing is done.

Do not misunderstand the tent scene in "Curtain I." No violence was done the men in the tent. I have written the scene faithfully.

The men of Ellendale heard the Indians tell the story of the "Whitestone Battle," on which this drama is based. The conference was long with questions freely asked and answered. Living with these Indians, I have heard their free conversations about the battle, enough to make books.

Did they intend "to make a night attack on Sully's army?" One who knows them will not believe it. Under any circumstances they would not make a night attack when "the moon was not right," and at this time "the moon was not right."

They had no part in the "Minnesota Massacre" in '62. They were at home planting and harvesting and hunting meat and wild fruits by the Missouri River, where they had lived for 125 years. Their tribal motto was "Quit war, plant the fields" (Wokicizeayustan, wozupo).

After the massacre a desire for revenge obsessed White people. A murder by an Indian is chargeable to all Indians and is unforgivable. The first book published in America (1634) speaks of Indians as generally peaceable. One hundred years later an Indian murdered a White man in Groton, Mass., and so a bounty was offered for Indian scalps. "Captain" Lovewell was soon paid eleven bounties. The purpose was to scare Indians out of New Hampshire and Maine so the frontier could expand.

After the "Minnesota Massacre" General Sibley went from Minnesota west pursuing the retreating Santee (Sioux) Indians till they escaped across the Missouri. General Sully went from the south up the Missouri to cut off their escape across the river. Poor man, he was late, and so the Santees escaped. Sibley's promptness left Sully late. Sully's boats perplexed him. The Missouri was "low water," and he lacked the civilian boldness to let a few hundred detached horsemen

go on ahead living from buffalo meat, frontier style. This would have trapped the Santees, for their warriors had no discipline. It was 13 years later when 400 Sioux with Gall and 400 Sheyennes with Crazy-Horse had sufficient discipline to hurl themselves onto Custer as a unit, and 900 warriors with Red-Cloud fought Crook to a standstill with his 1900 "regulars." Indians were learning discipline when the failure of buffalo meat and starvation made them "reservation Indians."

Sully knew Pope would blame him—and he did. What could he do but take any Indian trail he saw and find some Indians? The Hunk-pa-ti (Sioux) Indians had recently gone from Long Lake (down river from Bismarek), where Sully had now arrived, to Bigstone Lake, 20 miles northwest of Ellendale. He saw their trail and took it. Up to this day these Indians had not had any trouble with White men. Now they will have trouble enough. The drama tells the story. It is to be played by a community, unmindful of "the audience."

Several men now living heard Sully say, "The battle was all a mistake." Sibley was a resolute frontiersman, inclined to be over-prompt. He saw the necessity for order and government, though he knew justice for Indians was impossible. I understand he said, "Bad faith on the part of some White people has caused this uprising, and now I am sent out to kill Indians." Indians knew him personally, and they say he was not "a man with murder in his heart." General Sibley had no part in the attack on these Hunk-pa-ti Indians and the "Whitestone Battle."

CURTAIN I

THE INDIANS FLEE AWAY

The Scene. A tall granite shaft erected on a hill twenty miles northwest of Ellendale, N. D., is visible from a long distance away. Here the Hunk-pa-ti Indians (a Siouian tribe) were in their summer home around "Bigstone Lake."

The stage has tents clearly visible on the right, with people, children and dogs, and campfires by them.

In the center of the stage, back from the front, beneath a skeleton wicker booth, there are four singers with a tomtom and a drummer, who occasionally taps the tomtom, and conversation is free.

An old Indian enters, starts "the sacred fire" with cedar-tree twigs at the right of the booth. With arms outstretched, palms down, he gesticulates with arms and bending body toward "the sacred fire," then with palms upward, and so erect that he bends backward, he gesticulates reverently toward the heavens. Then he disappears, leaving "the sacred fire" to quickly burn out.

As the "Fire-maker" retires the old blind "Herald" enters, calling out musically. He goes around the stage, leaving where he appeared. He supports himself with a cane in his right hand, and a little girl leads him by a cane in his left hand.

OLD BLIND HERALD (sonorously)

Ho-po, ho-po! The buffalo dance, the sacred buffalo dance! The living shadow, moving, gliding, marks the time. Listen, listen, haste, haste! The dancing and singing make human hearts kind. The tomtom quick music gives people good-cheer. Haste, haste! Great Spirit draws near. Dance merrily, sing cheerfully. Softly and tenderly, loudly, courageously, the tomtom sweet music goes up to the sky.

(Many phrases are repeated.)

As the blind "Herald" leaves, the tomtom music and the singing start, softly at first and then louder with a rhythm-accent impressing one with the sense of vastness. And the

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men and women (normally in pairs), glide onto and around the stage from right to left, and just before the circle is completed Hiyoke darts to the center, by the booth. The circle now formed, they dance in a gliding sidestep movement round and round while all, especially the women, dance up and down with the elasticity of their bodies, as a Prussian lady curtsays. The dancing, at first soft and easy, quickly takes on energy in harmony with the sense of vastness in the tomtom music. Hiyoke and the singers sing without words, but when the dance has full "swing" and energy, Hiyoke with gestures sings in words.

HIYOKE (singing)

The hail came down like rolling stars,
The waterfloods were pouring,
The lightning leaped across the fields,
The rushing winds were roaring.
The pumpkins, corn and beans and flowers
Were gone before we knew it.
The oaktree, groaning, leapt and fell
Where laughing whirlwinds blew it.
The buffalo, our sacred friends,
Will give us meat enough,
When winter storms are blowing cold,
And northwinds leap and puff.
Look, look, the piles of buffalo meat,
Too big for eyes to measure!
When winter fires are burning bright,
This food will give us pleasure.

(The "Fire-man" has slipped into the circle, and standing where the fire was, he gesticulates as before, and all the people sing the following together in words, with prolonged pronunciation, and a musical "hold" at the end of each phrase.)

The buffalo, the buffalo,
The sacred buffalo;
The buffalo, the buffalo,
We praise, we praise the buffalo!

(A pause in the singing, but not in the dancing, while the "Fire-maker" again gesticulates, then all join in the following. Each half-line has two mellow tomtom strokes, and a sharp pause.)

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The sacred fire. The sacred fire,
Up high, up high—still higher, higher;
He gives us Life—He is our Sire,
The Life, the fire—the sacred fire!

(A messenger rushes in calling sonorously with the voice-tone of the scared coyotes. (The coyotes were the Indians' "outer guard watchdogs.") As the messenger reaches the scene, he turns looking away and cries out.

MESSENGER (loudly intoning)

Ho-o-o-o! Ho-o-o-o! (Music and dance stop.)

A YOUNG MAN

What! What is it?

MESSENGER (sonorously)

The enemy! The enemy!

OLD MAN

We have no enemies.

MESSENGER (with all energy)

The enemy! The enemy! The enemy! Look!
Look away on the hill! I see them. I feel them!

OLD MAN (looking)

They are White people, always friendly to our people.

MESSENGER

Look, see the shadow-men coming on ahead of them! They look grim! They mean evil! They fill me with fear! The sacred dance gave me a vision (wihanbde). I was sleeping when one of their shadows came and tried to kill me. The enemy! The enemy! Get ready to fight, or make haste to flee!

OLD MAN

Yes, they may mean us harm. Everything has changed since the massacre in Minnesota by the Santees. We hear that the White people have

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gone crazy, and their hearts are full of murder. Two old Santees have come to us from Minnesota. They say that when the White men were hauling Santees in carts to hang them, the White women were so crazy that they stabbed them with knives, cut them with hatchets and poured boiling water onto them. Perhaps our old friends, the White men, are coming here to do us harm.

CHIEF TWO-BEAR (who has arrived)

We will send messengers, to find out what they want. Have them come and dance with us, and feast with us, and sing with us, and smoke the sacred pipe with us, and then their hearts will feel good. Unless they are worse than Tetons we can make peace with them, if we are hearty and careful.

OLD WOMAN

We will give them blankets and food to carry home.

CHIEF TWO-BEAR

And give them a few of our sacred things to make them feel peacable.

HIYOKE (singing and dancing)

Don't give white men our sacred turtles
To make their wives still more prolific;
For their unmeasured big tent-circles
Already make them feel bombastic.

(A woman hits Hiyoke with a stick, and he darts away, soon reappearing and listening.)

A YOUNG MAN

If these White men are making war on the Santees, have them come and see, see with their eyes that we are not Santees. We are Hunk-pa-ti. We are corn-raisers like the Mandans and the Arikaras. (Arikara means Cornsheller.)

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CHIEF TWO-BEAR

See, see! What is it to see? Mad men cannot see. Men believe what they feel in their hearts. Goodness in the heart is like the rainbow, it makes the earth green, and the clouds beautiful.

A YOUNG MAN

Young men are here. Let us go and find out what these White men want.

CHIEF TWO-BEAR

And old men will go with you also. Be friendly in the meeting, but do not show fear. If they want clothing and food, we will give it to them. If they want a battle we will flee away. All to your tents and make ready. Let the "Herald" call out the orders.

(All leave the stage but the Chief and a few more. The old blind "Herald," moving and led as before, calls out in a musical stentorian voice. (I have heard such an Indian "Herald" two miles.)

HERALD (calling sonorously)

At-ten-tion! At-ten-tion! All to the tents! All to the tents! Haste, haste! Each family pack up the few best things! Save the things on which our life depends! Make ready! Make ready! Hasten like birds flying to the woods before a cyclone coming! Help the old people! Help women with babies! Help lame people! Do not forget the sacred things! Do not forget the household turtles! Do not forget the bows and bow-strings! Do not forget the fire-flints! Do not forget young babies in the cradles! Do not forget the little dogs too young to bark! And if you flee, do not forget the old blind "Herald."

(A few men enter, joining the Chief and his men.)

CHIEF TWO-BEAR

You ten men will go as messengers. Others will follow and remain nearby. Make haste. Be careful and wise. Show no fear.

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(The ten men depart, leaving the Chief with three men on the stage. A youth comes running, out of breath.)

YOUTH

Three White men just in sight out of a ravine are coming straight to our village. Some think they are old trappers, and some think they are spies from the army of White men.

CHIEF TWO-BEAR

Open wide this tent right here. We will be friendly with them.

(They lift up the side of one of the tents. As the men come the young men shake hands with them awkwardly, and an old man embraces each White man old Indian style, by throwing arms around his shoulders and rubbing his face on the White man's face (Poskin yuza). The White men awkwardly return this Poskin-yuza salutation. The White men, with sign language, are seated in the rear part of the tent, the place of honor. All leave the tent but the Chief. A little Indian girl, a child, comes to the White men, bringing plums which they receive, and give her pretty trinkets. They pet the child, and the Chief with moist eyes and a smile points to Great Spirit, to his heart and to their hearts, because this petting the child is, as he supposes, a pledge that they have no evil intent to the Indians' homes.)

FIRST MAN

She is pretty and sweet as a rose.

SECOND MAN

She makes me think of my little girl at home.

THIRD MAN

It's wicked to bother these poor devils; why not let them alone?

SECOND MAN

Well, how many warriors are there do you think? We must do our spying. That's what we are here for.

FIRST MAN

I don't see anything looks like a man spoiling for a fight.

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THIRD MAN

There's nothing round here looks much like a warrior.

FIRST MAN

They simply want to be let alone, that's about the size of it.

SECOND MAN

What the devil's the use trying to make White men out of them. Why not give them a piece of this big country and let them be Indians?

(The child leaves the tent and the man who has spoken of his little girl at home sheds a tear. Old Indians enter and make "the sacred fire." Then the oldest man lights the sacred pipe and holds it to the Heavens and to the Earth and to the West, North, East, and South. Then, when he has taken a couple of whiffs, the pipe goes to the Chief and to each of the old men, who take a couple whiffs. While this is going on the White-men, knowing they are not understood by Indians, converse.)

FIRST MAN

What sort of a heathen ceremony is this?

THIRD MAN

Safer to keep out of it. It seems mighty solemn.

SECOND MAN

They'll have me married to a squaw before I know it. I've heard of such things. If I was unmarried I wouldn't mind it, with that sweet little girl thrown in.

(They offer the sacred pipe to the white men who gently refuse it with hand gestures. The Indians pointing to the Great Spirit and to their hearts, urge the White men to take the pipe, but they refuse it, thus putting themselves in the attitude of spies who have been bold even to the point of sharing the tent, while not wanting peace. Again they are urged to take the pipe, but they refuse it. Then the Indians show anger. Other young Indians come, in anger. The White men attempt to leave their seats, but are not allowed to do so. The pipe is laid before their feet, indicating Divine

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wrath to them if they make war after accepting the hospitality of the home. Tomahawks are brandished in their faces. Indians come with Hudson Bay axes, and whet them before their faces. They are offered the pipe once more, and when they refuse it, it is laid at their feet, and as all the Indians but a half dozen go out, the tent is closed tight.)

HIYOKE (looking, dancing and singing)

The messengers will not go far,
The White men come this way;
Their flag has many a stripe and star,
And they are quick and gay.
Perhaps the "Captain's" voice is wheezy
From sleeping out of doors,
And so he wants to hear my singing
To cheer him while he snores.
But I'll not go to see the captain,
I'll let him come to me,
For I can sing the old songs better
Beside my own tepee.

(Hiyoke looks away, and then hides behind a bush. A "Captain" and soldiers and a half-blood Indian interpreter enter. Indian messengers enter and meet them, awkwardly shaking hands with the White men.)

AN INDIAN (to the "Captain")

What do our friends, the White men want?
We wish to make them happy.

INTERPRETER (officiously)

The "Captain" does not know your language. I know your language and the "Captain's" language. I am the interpreter. The "Captain" tells me what to say. What are you doing here?

YOUNG INDIAN

We are getting ready for winter.

OLD INDIAN

The storms destroyed our fields by the Missouri River. There were never such storms before. We must get ready for winter, and may Great Spirit help us.

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INTERPRETER

We are looking for Santees who made the massacre in Minnesota.

YOUNG INDIAN

Why do you turn away from following the Santees and come here to us? We are not Santees, we are Hunk-pa-ti.

INTERPRETER

Are there any Indians besides Hunk-pa-ti Indians here?

A YOUNG INDIAN

Yes, there are thirty Yankton Indians here. They have come to hunt with us. Big-Head is their Chief. Do you wish to see him?

INTERPRETER

Who is your Chief? What other Indians are here besides Yanktons? Where were you last before you came here?

YOUNG INDIAN

A wolf has a head, and a body and a tail. When a man asks three questions in one breath, he is like a wolf humped up into a badger to deceive prairie dogs and catch them.

INTERPRETER

Answer the questions. The "Captain" demands it.

YOUNG INDIAN

You followed our trail from Long Lake. Why do you ask where we came from? You know we are Hunk-pa-ti by our faces, tell it to the "Captain." You know our Chief is Two-Bear, tell that to the "Captain."

OLD INDIAN

There are two Santees here; they are with me in my tent. Does the "Captain" wish to see them with his eyes?

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INTERPRETER

Oh, Santees with you! This looks suspicious.

A YOUNG INDIAN (angrily)

Why?

INTERPRETER

No doubt they ran away to you from Minnesota, after they helped kill women and children in their houses!

OLD INDIAN

They are old men. One is lame in both legs, one is blind in one eye, and he has a goitis on his neck. It makes him breath, "e-e-he-e-e-he-e-e-he," when he walks. I don't see how he can run. He couldn't kill a jackrabbit unless the jackrabbit attacked him.

INTERPRETER

Oh, yes, perhaps they became disabled (hunke-sni) fighting in Minnesota. What other wounded Santees have you here?

OLD INDIAN

These two are all. They are all we picked up. Old men, old men! Old men "hi-hi-hi-hi-you" in the twilight, and think of the good land (makece-waste) where Great Spirit is merciful. Old men do not fight!

OTHER OLD INDIAN

We found them over beyond the James River starving. Great Spirit told us to feed them. They say they left Minnesota as fast as they could last spring, because they were afraid White-men would kill them.

INTERPRETER (emphatically)

And what other Santees have you taken in out of pity?

OLD INDIAN (sharply)

No, these two are all. They are all we found. If we had found more starving men, we should

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have given them food. This is Great Spirit's law. Does not the "Captain" know Great Spirit's law?

INTERPRETER

The "Captain" knows his own business. A holy man put holy water on his head, and that makes him wise and religious. Have you seen Santees fleeing away before the big army of General Sibley?

A YOUNG INDIAN

No, we did not see it. Some of us up north hunting saw the big army of White men going back home, and the Santee warriors were following them.

INTERPRETER

And did your warriors help the Santee warriors?

OLD INDIAN

We have no warriors. Great Spirit taught us a song (singing): "Leave off war, till the soil, till the soil." (Okicize ayustan po, wo ju po, wo ju po).

OTHER OLD INDIAN

We have no war feast. Instead of the war feast we have "The Feast of Corn," which we learned from the Mandans.

INTERPRETER

You have war songs, don't lie!

OLD INDIAN

No, we have no war songs. We know a few war songs which men from other tribes sing. In the old times our fathers had war songs.

OTHER OLD INDIAN

Since we have forgotten our war songs, we have no wars, except a few quarrels which are nothing. The music of the Missouri River running past our fields, and the music of the corn growing in our fields is sweeter than war songs.

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YOUNG INDIAN

We have no guns, except eighteen curious things, some way so long—and some so short (using hands and arms), and we cannot make fire in them. We hunt with bows and arrows.

INTERPRETER

Where did you get these eighteen guns?

YOUNG INDIAN

From Santees.

INTERPRETER

When you were up north hunting?

YOUNG INDIAN

Yes, they gave us these guns when we gave them buffalo meat and pemmican.

INTERPRETER

Why did they give you guns instead of other presents?

YOUNG INDIAN

Why does a fox want meat and not grass, tell me that. When a man makes a present he gives whatever he wants to.

INTERPRETER

You talk like an Indian.

YOUNG INDIAN

You try to talk like a wise man. How does any man know why a man or a beast or a bird wants one thing and does not want another thing?

OLD INDIAN

You may have the eighteen guns if you need them. They are rusty and old. We like to look at them, but you may have them if you think the Santees stole them.

INTERPRETER

Did the Santees give you any other presents?

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OLD INDIAN

Yes, they gave my son some strange things.

INTERPRETER

Strange things; what are they?

OLD INDIAN

I don't know. I think they are sacred things which White people use in worship. They are round like stars. They are yellow like the sunset, and each one has a man on it like the man in the sun.

INTERPRETER (quickly)

Give them to me.

(The old Indian gives him an envelope with gold coins and gold-dust in it. The Interpreter passes them to the "Captain," and he and the "Captain" converse in a low tone.)

INTERPRETER

Where did these things come from?

OLD INDIAN

I thought White people knew where they came from. We do not know. We think they fell down from the sun, and dust crumbled off when they hit the earth.

INTERPRETER

Now the "Captain" is sure that you are wicked, wicked people, or you would not have these things. Tell the truth, where did you get them?

OLD INDIAN

I told you the Santees gave them to my son. He gave a wounded Santee his horse, because he pitied him, and he gave him these strange things. If it is wicked to have them we will throw them away, or else the storms may destroy our fields again.

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INTERPRETER

These things were stolen from a boat coming down the Missouri River a month ago, just after General Sibley's army turned back from pursuing the Santees. All the white people in the boat were killed, men women and children. The boat was sunk in the river. You people must have done that wicked deed. Tell us the truth.

OLD INDIAN

No, we do not want such things. We do not use such things. We do not have boats. We cross rivers swimming, or hanging onto the tails of ponies.

OTHER OLD INDIANS

Do these sacred images make the boats go on the river? We thought the fire made the boats go, and so we call the boats fire-boats (petawata).

INTERPRETER

How many more of these things have you got?

OLD INDIAN

No. These three are all, and we do not want them.

INTERPRETER

White people kill each other to get these things. Did you not kill the people on the boat?

OLD INDIAN

We heard that the people on the boat made fire with big guns to kill the Santees, and so the Santees killed them. We did not know these things were used to run the boat with. We did not know they were in the boat. It is good to have big boats and to have these sacred things to run the boats with. But if these sacred things make White people kill each other, it is better to throw these things and the boats away and go foot or stay at home.

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INTERPRETER

These are the very best things in the world. White people have become a great people because they have them. Wicked people kill each other for them. Good men make them, or buy them.

OLD INDIAN

How many buffalo skins does one of them cost?

INTERPRETER (laughing)

Oh, ten or twenty, if they are good ones.

YOUNG INDIAN (angrily)

Why do you laugh at the old man? Why do you make fun of him? You know it is impolite. You are an Indian and you were brought up to be polite like an Indian, not rude like the white trappers who come up the river. Of course the old man does not know all the white men's customs. Since you are with White men you have become impolite. You make yourself big (tanka-nici-da). You make yourself bigger than the "Captain." And the bigger you make yourself, the bigger liar you are.

INTERPRETER

How do you know so much about the war in Minnesota, the way the Santees tell it? Are you a Santee?

YOUNG INDIAN

They told us this when we saw them up north. We asked them all about the war, and they told us. Why do you call me a Santee when you know by my face I am a Hunk-pa-ti? I am not ashamed of my people. We are not warriors like the Santees and the Tetons, but we are respectable people who attend to our own affairs.

INTERPRETER

And do you believe what the Santees told you about the war?

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YOUNG INDIAN

Yes, I do. Fire-water and wicked thieving White men caused the war. Why don't you explain these things to the "Captain"? You are a traitor to your own people. You are an uncivil dog. (He strikes him with a whip.)

INTERPRETER (biting his teeth)

The "Captain" says you must all surrender immediately, men, women and children, tents and everything.

OLD INDIAN

If we surrender, will they hang the men, and have the families for themselves?

(Many Indians gather around the "Captain" and his men, brandishing knives and tomahawks.)

INTERPRETER

The general, back over the hill, has an army big enough to kill all of you, and many more. If you do not surrender, he will come and fight with you. His men have guns, you have nothing but bows. His men have swift horses, you have nothing but dogs and small ponies. You are not warriors like the Tetons. The Tetons despise you. They let you live along the river and raise corn so they can come and buy it when they want it. And sometimes they steal your corn. Does a man steal from his friend? The Tetons are not your friends. The White men are your true friends. You are the slaves of the Tetons and the Cutheads. The White men will make you free men. The White men will not steal from you. What you raise out of the ground they will buy, and pay for it. But first of all you must surrender.

(Note: This speech, with its good promises, and its unendurable harsh tone counteracting all the good in it, does not exaggerate the interpretations Indian ears heard at this time and for many years after. If Indians had known our lan-

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guage or we theirs, what a difference! White men, with patience and "Sprachansicht" like German students, should have been sent by the government to learn each language with its thought, feeling and throb.)

OLD INDIAN

No, let us have a council. We will choose men to meet men from the army and consider everything.

INTERPRETER

There is no reason for a council. If we wait for a council, perhaps you will run away.

OLD INDIAN

We could not run very fast with our children and our tents and our property (woyuha). We will give our Chief and our honorable old men to the "Captain," and he can keep them till after the council. If he can find more than two San-tees with us, or if we have done the White people any wrong, let the army punish us. We cannot surrender till we know what is going to be done with us.

(An old Indian, having lighted the sacred pipe and held it ceremonially to the Heavens, the Earth, the West, North, East and South, offers it to the interpreter, saying):

OLD INDIAN

Smoke this pipe, and tell the "Captain" to smoke it and let its truthful spirit testify in his heart whether or not what we are saying is true.

INTERPRETER (with a hand motion)

Away with the pipe, the "Captain" does not want it.

OLD INDIAN

Oh, has he no reverence for Great Spirit? Alas! (He-he-he!)

INTERPRETER

Well, are you going to surrender or fight?

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OLD INDIAN (after having tried to talk with the "B Captain" in sign language in vain.)

Oh, he does not know the sacred language which all Indians in this island know, and the interpreter does not explain to him what we mean. Alas!

INTERPRETER

You insult me. What I say goes.

YOUNG INDIAN (jerking him by the arm.)

It goes, does it?

OTHER YOUNG INDIAN

What wrong have we done these men? Why have they come so far from home to fight and die? What bitter sorrows fill their hearts, and so they go away to fight and die because the sacred law forbids suicide?

OTHER YOUNG INDIAN

He does not tell anything honestly to the "Captain." Let us whip him!

(Indians who have been threatening the "Captain" and his men now turn attention to the interpreter. While they are pushing him to the right of the stage, the "Captain" says, "We will go to the hill where our troops are and hold our ground till the general comes, Indians or no Indians," and they leave the stage (left). They whip the interpreter unmercifully. By a sudden lunge he breaks away from them and dashes away (left) calling out:)

INTERPRETER

I will have revenge for this!

YOUNG INDIAN

Pursue him! Kill him!

(The young men rush from the stage (left). Chief Two-Bears enters (right).)

CHIEF TWO-BEARS

A battle is coming unless we can get away. The three white men in the tent are spies, but they

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

have not smoked the pipe with us, and so they are not traitors. Open up the tent and let them go and have a man's chance for life.

(The tent is quickly opened up, showing each man forcibly held, seated on the earth, while a man brandishes a whetted Hudson's Bay axe over his head. Then they are lifted up and rushed out of the tent and let go, while many shout "SSH'EE-K'DA PO"—DOGS! BE GONE! The three men glide away from view, not crossing the stage.)

OLD INDIAN (looking)

The interpreter has mounted his horse, and he is speeding away like the wind. They have sent him over the hill to tell the general what has happened and other men are following him on swift horses. Our young men did not follow him far. They are coming back, right here.

(The young men enter the stage.)

OLD INDIAN

Young men are fools.

YOUNG INDIAN

Our hearts cannot bear everything.

OLD INDIAN

He will tell everything wrong to the general, and make up more besides.

YOUNG INDIAN

Well, are we going to stay here like prairie dogs driven out of their homes by rattlesnakes to be eaten up by coyotes, or what.

CHIEF TWO-BEARS

Tell the "Herald" to announce that all will pack up a few things hastily and flee away by the old trail to the James River.

YOUNG INDIAN

Are we going to be cowards? Let us fight and die.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

OTHER YOUNG INDIAN

Let the young men fight and die, it is better than to be hanged.

OLD BLIND HERALD (led by the child as previously)

Flee away! Flee away! Flee away! Be brave, be strong, pray and flee! Flee away east toward the rising sun! Flee by the old trail out past the waterspring to the James River! Leave the tents behind! Take the dogs and ponies and everything that can walk! Take the sacred things and the few things needful to life. Leave the ornaments and the luxuries behind. Don't leave the old people and the lame people behind, and don't forget the babies in the cradles. Be brave! Be brave! Be brave and young, as I am till I die!

(All leave the stage hastily, and people can be just seen at the right of the stage packing and getting ready. Hiyoke who has continually been looking from behind the bush, where he skulked, comes out and dances and sings.)

HIYOKE

When water covered every hill
The wise old spider did not drown,
He rolled himself into a pill,
And floated till the flood went down.
I wish I was a spider man,
A spider man, a spider man.

(Looking away).

The white men's horses mope, I see,
Their mules are lean like leafless trees;
Their haughty general seems to be
A turtle crawling on his knees.
I wish I was a spider man,
A spider man, a spider man.
Whee! Like a morning prairie fire,
Increasing in the noontide sun,
They gallop now, and I'm a liar,
Unless our tribesmen have to run!
I wish I was a spider man,
A spider man, a spider man.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

While Hiyoke continues dancing and humming the air of the song, the curtain falls.

Then when stage facilities permit, the curtain rises several times, showing the flight in a realistic way. Small ponies or dogs or both are hauling travois with papooses and other things on them. Dogs are running with bundles of dried meat and other things tied onto them. A few big dogs have papooses tied onto their backs. Little boys are riding dogs astride. Women with papooses on their backs are trying to carry a lot of stuff besides. Some women are singing lullabies to their papooses, others are bitterly crying. Children run along, holding onto each other's hands, some screaming and some showing great sagacity. Some are lame and hobbling. Some are praying. Some are yelling. They are trying to help each other in ways that hinder. All is a bedlam of confusion. One old man, holding the pipe to the sky, cries out: "Great Spirit, help us! Pity us poor creatures, O Thou who are the Life in everything. And Thou, O sacred Earth (holding the pipe to the Earth), help us today."

Last of all comes the old blind "Herald," led by the child, and sonorously shouting:

"Breathe deeply, breathe the living air! All life, (Woniya) is in the living air and in the clouds and everywhere. Breathe deeply! Breathe out all fear. Rise up, rise up above all fear! Untie yourselves from fear, then if we die our souls will suffer nothing. Lead on, lead on, out past the water spring, over the hills to the old camping ground where the trees are tall and the wild artichokes grow."

CURTAIN II

GIVE ME WATER, WATER, WATER!

Scene. A valley one mile southeast of the former place. A few Indians are in the valley with hills near on the North and South, and hills farther away on the West and East. More Indians enter the valley, the men armed with bows.

AN OLD INDIAN

This valley is the place for the battle.

A YOUNG INDIAN

No, no, they will kill us here like buffalo driven over a bluff.

AN OLD INDIAN

Here is the place to fight off the soldiers till darkness comes, and then escape.

A YOUNG INDIAN

The soldiers have cut off our escape. They are all around us. They will come up on top of the hills and kill us. The wicked iron-hummers from their guns kill a man seven bowshots away, I have heard.

AN OLD INDIAN

Look! The hills on the south and north are less than one bowshot away. If soldiers come up on to these hills our arrows will reach them and drive them back, unless they are anxious to die.

A YOUNG INDIAN

Yes, but the hills up the valley, where the sun is setting, are only three bowshots away, and their iron-hummers will reach us and kill us from these hills, while we cannot reach them with our arrows.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

OTHER YOUNG INDIAN

And the hills down the valley in the east, by our old trail out past the waterspring, are only two bowshots away. And from these hills every iron-hummer will kill one of us, while we are helpless, because one bowshot is not two bowshots.

OLD INDIAN

Ugh! You are so excited that you cannot reckon up numbers. Two and three do not make eight or seven. Two and three make only five. The soldiers in the West and the soldiers down the valley in the East will be only five bowshots apart. The iron-hummers kill a man seven bowshots away. And so, when the soldiers begin to shoot, those up the valley and those down the valley will kill each other. And then the soldiers in the East will move away South so that the big hills just South of us will protect them from the iron-hummers of their own brothers in the West. (Intoning). Look, look! I can see them leaving the East hills and going South! This leaves our old trail out past the waterspring unguarded, hi-ho-hi-ho! And the darkness is hiding us from all eyes but the eyes of Great Spirit, good, good! And silently we are stealing away, stealing away! Ti-li-li-li-ta-la-la-lu, ti-li-li-li-ta-la-la-lu!

OTHER OLD INDIAN

And look how thick the grass is here in the valley! We will lie on the ground like turtles in the grass, while their iron-hummers kill their own brothers, passing over us like hawks flying over green frogs in waterpools, k' hoo, k' hoo!

HIYOKE (dancing and singing)

Old men are for wisdom, old men are for prayer,
Young men are for chasing the elk and the hare,
Old women for telling the stories of old,
Young women for beauty, for beauty untold.

I wish I was a spider man,
A spider man, a spider man.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

OLD INDIAN

Hiyoke, lie down snug to the ground and sing a melody, floating far away in the holy earth. Our tribesmen with their ears to the earth listening, will hear it, and know where we are gathering in this valley, and they will come, unless Great Spirit has helped them escape.

(He sings as directed while those present hum a little. Immediately the people begin to come.)

A YOUNG INDIAN

Did any of the people get away out past the waterspring?

A WOMAN

No, no, we hurried that way, and our escape was cut off by the soldiers on swift horses. Oh-he-he-he. (She cries.)

OTHER WOMAN

We turned South through the Gray-stone Hills Valley, and a lot of our people got away, but our escape was cut off.

OLD INDIAN

We heard Hiyoke singing the "Home-Return-Song," and so we have come.

A YOUNG INDIAN

Were many of our people killed over there in the Gray-stone Hills Valley?

A WOMAN (crying)

Yes, yes, a lot were killed, men, women and children.

OTHER WOMAN

An iron hammer went through my little boy's head and split it wide open. (She shrieks awfully.)

A WOMAN (consoling her)

Ishta, ishta, don't cry. Did he suffer?

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

WOMAN

Oh, oh, they chased us so fast I couldn't pick up his body. Oh, oh, oh! Ee-e-h'e, e-e-e-h'e!

YOUNG INDIAN (running in ahead of others)

They chased us over the flat, beyond the south hills. We turned West, trying to escape in that direction. We saw the soldiers on the West hills. Then we heard the music here, and so we are coming.

(A volley is fired from the West.)

OLD INDIAN (sonorously)

All down! All down! Low, low! Hide the children low in the grass like turtles.

OLD INDIAN

Sing softly the death dirge for the souls of those who are going to die.

(They sing a death-dirge. "Simple Confessions," in a minor key, is like an Indian death-dirge. "Return," by Petro, an Italian, is like an Indian "Home-Return" Song, only put a little minor key into it, and make the accent pronounced, and the tone falling at the end.)

A YOUNG INDIAN (running in)

The soldiers down the valley on the hills are moving away South, as the old man said they would. This leaves the old trail out past the waterspring unguarded and safe for us. As soon as darkness comes we can flee away out past the waterspring and escape---those of us who are alive.

MANY

Good! Good! Good!

(Several volleys are fired from the west.)

OLD INDIAN (sonorously)

Lie low! Be brave! Darkness is coming!

A YOUNG INDIAN (running in)

The soldiers are coming up onto the South hills right close to us. I lay there watching till they got near, then I came to give the news.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

OLD INDIAN

Lie low! Be brave! Pray, pray, and lie low!

OTHER OLD INDIAN

Bowmen, be ready with the arrows! Let your fingers be ready! Let your bowstrings be steady! Shoot hard! Shoot straight! And do not hurry, wait till you see a man's head!

(A volley is fired and answered with arrows. Then a few more volleys are fired and answered with arrows.)

A YOUNG INDIAN

The soldiers are retreating!

OLD INDIAN

Too many wounded men so far away from home is bad for them. They will not come again to-night. They will watch behind the hills till morning. But we shall not be here in the morning. Be brave! Darkness is coming fast!

OTHER OLD INDIAN

Are many killed?

A VOICE

Six are killed and many are wounded here with us. All the women and children are brave.

OLD INDIAN

Get ready to flee away! Pick up the wounded people.

YOUNG INDIAN

Hold, hold! Lie low! Lie low! Down, down! Do not move! Soldiers are coming up on top of the north hills. Be ready with the arrows! Let every arrow kill a man!

(A few volleys are fired and answered with arrows.)

* A YOUNG INDIAN

Now the soldiers retreat. They do not like the arrows. They will not come again till morning.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE.

OLD INDIAN (sonorously)

Listen! Listen! We are now safe! All danger is past!

(A woman shrieks and immediately the whole place is full of shrieking and wailing indescribable.)

HIYOKE (with twice his usual voice)

Hide away! hide away! keep still! keep still!
The soldiers are coming up onto the hill!
Shoot away! shoot away sharp arrows to kill!
An arrow's as good as an iron pill!

(The shrieking and wailing stops, and all lie low again. A young Indian, Takes-his-Shield, tall, calm and resolute, moves along among the people, telling them to be calm and brave. He comes to Heart-in-the-Lodge, his lover, who is wounded.)

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Heart-in-the-Lodge, is this you?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Yes, Takes-his-Shield, and I am wounded.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Why didn't you call for me?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

We must all be brave. You are fighting for the people.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Are you suffering?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

I can bear it. Give me water. Water, Water!

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

You are trembling. Are you dying?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

No. I don't know. Water, water!

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Ah, there is no water here!

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

A VOICE

Yes, down the valley a little there is water. It is bad water. The wounded people have been crawling to it to drink.

OLD INDIAN

Down, down! Something on the north hills looks like soldiers.

SEVERAL VOICES

Down, down! All down and still!

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD (sonorously)

No, I will not down. My wounded lover and all the wounded people shall have water from the waterspring before they die.

SEVERAL

Down, down! Wait a little!

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Hark! Hark! A vow has leapt into my heart like Life into the earth from the sun.

WOMAN

Are you crazy, grandchild?

OLD INDIAN

Wait a little, and we will all go. The soldiers on the north hills are all gone. They will not come again.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Yes, we will all go in a moment, safely. The vow in my heart gives me eyes to see in the night. Over yonder east of the Gray-stone Hills Valley stands an officer. I have vowed to rush upon him with my sacred tomahawk and kill him. I have given my life a sacrifice for the people. When I rush upon him singing the "Self-Sacrifice Song," the soldiers will move that way. Then all of you will flee away safely.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Oh, do not leave me alone!

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Child whom I love (Cinca wastecida) the All-Life (Woniya), has made the sacred vow in my life, and I cannot call back my vow. And your brave heart does not ask me to call back my vow.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

No, no! I must not, I must not! It would make dark shadows forever. Oh-oh-oh!

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Come here, Brave-Bear. You and I are friends by a vow. Take this sacred household turtle which you gave me when Heart-in-the-Lodge gave me her love. I give this turtle to you now, and with it I give you Heart-in-the-Lodge. Vow to me that you will treat her tenderly, and gently love her as long as you both are in this life.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (crying)

Oh, Takes-his-Shield, what will become of you?

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Since the All-Life (Woniya) came into my heart, the earth and the stars are music to me. Child whom I love, I shall see you again. Here, Brave-Bear, take the turtle and Heart-in-the-Lodge.

(Takes-his-Shield puts the turtle into the right hand of Heart-in-the-Lodge and places her hand with the turtle in it between the hands of his friend, Brave-Bear, saying:)

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

I give her to you with the vow I lay upon you, and with her I give you this sacred household turtle.

BRAVE-BEAR

Yes, friend. Your voice sounds to me like the voice of Great Spirit.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD (suddenly)

All ready! All ready to flee away! Pick up the wounded people and be ready! Now is the time! My vow is in the strength of Great Spirit! When Hiyoke with his ear on the earth hears the soldiers moving toward the officer where I am rushing, then all of you will flee away. Flee eastward past the waterspring. Countless dead men are here to help us. I see them! I feel their strength! All ready, now!!

(With his sacred tomahawk in hand he rushes away. In a moment the people move away carrying their wounded friends. Brave-Bear carries Heart-in-the-Lodge on his back, as an Indian mother carries her child. But Hiyoke stays behind and when all are gone, he dances and sings.)

HIYOKE

I'll stay behind a little while, and see this conflict
o'er,
For my two feet can run a while, and then keep
running more.

(Hearing something, and looking, Hiyoke hides behind a bush.)

(An officer and a few attendants with the half-blood interpreter are crossing the scene when the interpreter stops suddenly and says:)

INTERPRETER

Hold, there's danger, let us flee!

OFFICER

I'll shoot you if you run away.

INTERPRETER

Listen, listen!

OFFICER

What is it? What's the matter?

INTERPRETER

He's coming for us! It's worse than a cannon!

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

OFFICER

Who's coming?

SOLDIER

He means that Indian howling like a coyote shot through endwise.

OFFICER

Oh, that's it, is it? Well, let him howl.

SECOND SOLDIER

Is he crazy, or is he trying to sing a powwow?

INTERPRETER

No, No, it's magic, and---

OFFICER

Magic! To —H!

THIRD SOLDIER

It's the most unearthly thing I've heard in Dakota.

INTERPRETER

Shoot him, shoot him, shoot him quick!

OFFICER

Where is he, what's he about?

INTERPRETER

You White people do not understand. He's sacrificing himself.

OFFICER

All right, let him go ahead, as long as he don't sacrifice me.

INTERPRETER

He—he is sacrificing himself to bring dead men.

OFFICER

Doing what?

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

INTERPRETER

When an Indian sacrifices himself it brings a thousand dead men to help them fight, or get away.

OFFICER

Well, they better get away, then, if they can, before we get them.

INTERPRETER

Yes, I know that is true among Indians. Look out!

OFFICER

The devil! I thought you had some sense and a little courage.

INTERPRETER

The ghosts are in his song. Shoot him before he can see us!

OFFICER

What's he singing; can you understand?

INTERPRETER (intoning)

He is singing, "The dead men have come to help me kill the captain, and help the people get away."

OFFICER

Oh, that's it. Well, let him come; the nearer the better. Is he alone, can you see?

INTERPRETER

Yes, he's alone, all but the dead men.

OFFICER

The dead men, —ll! What ails you, you act sick?

INTERPRETER

He means me, he means me. Indians call the interpreter captain, because he is the head man in talking with them.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

OFFICER

Well, I'm general here just now, so don't worry about being captain till you get a uniform.

INTERPRETER

He's almost here, he'll kill me!

OFFICER

What's he got for a weapon? Can you see.

INTERPRETER

He's got a sacred tomahawk, and it's worse than a cannon, when a man's sacrificing himself. And,—

OFFICER

And what?

INTERPRETER

Sometimes that tomahawk flies a mile in the air, like a holy rock.

OFFICER (laughing)

Now, don't be telling ghost stories.

INTERPRETER

Shoot him, shoot him, shoot him!

OFFICER

If any body shoots him, I'll give him the worst devil of a licking he ever had in his life. We want to catch him, and put him into a museum for a specimen.

INTERPRETER

His tomahawk will kill me. He almost killed me once today.

OFFICER

Well, if his tomahawk flies a mile, and kills you, we'll put your corpse and the tomahawk and the Indian into a museum for choice specimens. He has no bow and arrow, has he?

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

INTERPRETER

No, the tomahwk, the tomahawk! And the dead men!

OFFICER

Well, be ready now to catch him. I can see him, he's just here.

(Takes-his-Shield appears just in sight and throws the tomahawk, and it kills the officer. Immediately the interpreter shoots Takes-his-Shield three times. At first all stand dazed, then they roll Takes-his-Shield a little to see that he is dead. Then they pick up the officer and carry him away. The interpreter picks up the sacred tomahawk, saying, "I want this.")

SOLDIER

Throw away that devilish tomahawk and take hold and help carry this man. We want to get out of here as quick as God'll let us.

(They all disappear. Hiyoke peeps a few times, then comes out from behind the bush, looks at Takes-his-Shield compassionately, then dances and sings.)

HIYOKE (dancing and singing)

The fearless fighter, Takes-his-Shield,
Dressed in an elkskin Indian frock,
Has showed the White men how to wield
The sacred Indian tomahawk.
I saw him fight his battle well,
I'll tell the people how he died,
More gleefully than songs can tell,
Because his wounded lover cried.

(A couple of guns are heard, and Hiyoke, startled, says, "Ugh, whee-e-e!" and darts away like an elk.)

CURTAIN III

LESS THAN A MAN—
MORE THAN A MAN.

Scene. A grassy meadow by the James River, with tall trees. Heart-in-the-Lodge lying on a buffalo blanket by a tree, and women near, one of them fanning her with an eagle-wing fan. The Chief and a few old men present. A medicine-man is mixing medicine in a wooden medicine-bowl with a bone mixer. Brave-Bear nearby, downcast. Young men enter, each taking Brave-Bear's hand and saying, "How, Koda," while he is silent. (Indian style.)

HERALD (cheerfully and musically)

Good luck, good luck! (Wapipi, wapipi).
Hear the good luck! The watchmen signal from
the hill. The soldiers are not coming this way.
Good luck, good luck!

SEVERAL

Good! Good! Good!

CHIEF TWO-BEARS

Signal the watchmen to use their eyes intent-
ly. If the army starts to come, we will flee away.

HERALD

Is all well in the camp?

CHIEF

Yes, yes. As well as we can expect. Poor
Heart-in-the-Lodge is suffering terribly. The
most of the wounded people are getting well, some
are dying. All are brave.

SECOND HERALD (excitedly)

He-e-yu-po! He-e-yu-po! (All startle). Draw
near! Draw near! and hear the bad luck (woak-
ipe sica). The watchmen signal from the hills.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

A WOMAN

The soldiers! The soldiers!

SECOND HERALD

Still! Still! Not the soldiers! Our summer home and all we have is leaping up-up-up in flaming fire and smoke! It is like a yellow sunset turned into a fiery cyclone.

(This catalog of losses which he intones varies slightly with various recitals. It need not be staged. It shows the essential equivalents of what White people have in a larger and possibly better circle of community life. How few things they have from White men! Why? They must not offend their quaasi overlords, the Tetons, who were maintaining the policy of strict isolation from White men, and were offended at any Indians who allowed themselves to become "White-man-ized," "Wiciyela," as they called them. What wealth, for soul and body health! Half the world is poorer.)

Their bone and wood field implements are not mentioned; they were at their "winter home" on the Missouri River.

THE CATALOG OF LOSSES

"Touch-wood" and flints for starting fire,
Cedar twigs for sacred incense;
Bone and ash-wood sacred pipes
Carved with alligators and lizzards;
Old canes with effigy snakes and toads,
Household turtles left behind;
Medicine for charming rattlesnakes,
Medicine-bowls and rattlesnake tails;
Stone spades and knives and saws and hoes,
Shell dishes and stone arrowheads;
Dance moccasins, belts, breast-bands, head-bands,
Dance slippers scented with perfume;
Bone needles, awls and digging sticks,
Medicine mixers, lances for sores;
Bone knives and forks for eating food,
Shell knives for skinning animals;
Playthings, hoops and balls for games,
Stones, bones and sticks to gamble with;
Good-luck journey moccasins,
Rawhide harnesses for dogs;

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

Effigy bear and buffalo stone pipes,
 Sinew-made halters, ropes and thread;
Quill-ornamented pony bridles,
 Bone and wooden saddles;
Earthen dishes, shell ladles, horn spoons,
 Wooden washdishes and scrubbing stones;
Braided bags and sacks and baskets,
 Braided swinging baby cradles;
Tomtoms, ottertail strings for hair,
 Wing-fans which make holy shadows;
Brushes, brooms, whips, sweetgrass mats,
 Yucca-leaf braided hats and caps;
Yucca-root soap for washing hair,
 Head combs with ornaments;
Cat-tail pollen when mothers use
 To wrap their tiny babies in;
Sacred bearclaws to protect the home,
 Sacred elks' teeth for good luck;
Pumice-stones for rubbing bowstrings,
 Bones for straightening arrow-shafts;
Grindstones for knives and hoes and axes.
 Grindstones for pointing arrow-heads;
The ornamented buffalo-skin tents,
 Long Black Hills pine tentpoles;
Valices, sewing-bags, wallets, trunks,
 The childrens' playful whirligigs;
Piles of pemmican sausage and buffalo fat,
 Piles and piles of dried buffalo meat;
Quill-worked buffalo blankets and beds,
 Quill-worked dance buffalo blankets;
Quill-worked deerskin and elkskin quilts,
 Soft-tanned quill-worked womens' shawls;
Paints, paint-dishes to make faces fair,
 Shell neck-chains for ornaments;
Womens' red and blue and white breastplates,
 Quill-ornamented womens' sashes;
Wing-bone whistles, box elder flutes,
 Ointments to make the muscles strong;
Bows, arrows, tomahawks, spears,
 Flint fleshers and serapers for tanning skins;
Tanned buffalo skins to sell to traders,
 Piles of other animals' skins;

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

Skin buckets, kettles and bladder bags,
Ten clumsy whitemen's iron kettles;
Dried plums, wild seeds and grains for soups,
Nuts, dried herbs and turnips and cherries;
Elkskin pants and coats and shirts,
Dance elkskin pants with rosebud beads;
Elkskin jackets, chemise and skirts,
Women's leggings with White men's beads;
Young dogs too small to follow us,
Their faithful mothers dying with them.
(Singing) All, all that could not leap away
Is leaping up in flames of fire.

(The women start a wailing. Hiyoke, true to his duty to stem the tide of woe with wisdom and comedy, leaps to his feet, dancing and singing.)

HIYOKE (with many gestures)

Look, look! the shirt I gambled for
Is dancing gaily in the smoke.
It sings a song, "The soul of war
Will help us if we laugh and joke."

(Men shout, How, how how. Women try to laugh with their eyes while crying with their faces.)

Oh look! my sister's elkskin skirt
Is gaily dancing higher, higher.
Her skirt is jolly with my shirt,
And both are laughing in the fire.

(Hiyoke starts a "Sacred Fire Song," and the people join, while the tomtom gives two soft beats for each half-line. There is a sharp stop at the end of each half-line.)

The sacred fire—the sacred fire—
Wafting souls—of creatures higher—
Makes them pure—like Life, the Sire—
(Woniya)
Ha-ha the fire—the sacred fire.

(Hiyoke continues with much comedy in tones and gestures.)

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Brave men will not be crying
For their pants and their shirts,
Brave men will not be sighing
When the angry arrow hurts;
The women's tearful crying
Makes it rain and makes it dark,
The women gaily laughing,
Bring the singing meadowlark.

(The drum strikes two heavy three-stroke beats for bravery, and the people shout, Well done, well done! Tanyan, tanyan! There is a general stirring among the people, with quite cheerful faces. A few old men enter and one of them says:)

OLD INDIAN

The wounded people feel better since they hear the music. How is Heart-in-the-Lodge, is she getting better?

WOMAN

The tontom and the singing make her face look brighter.

OTHER WOMAN

The medicine men have got the iron-hammer out of her breast.

OLD INDIAN

Is the wound bad?

MEDICINE-MAN

No, the wound is not bad. Her mind is strange.

WOMAN

Her mind is miraculous. It is tipped over bottom side up, you know. (Iye tawacin kaptain, ye.)

MEDICINE-MAN

Her other self, her spirit self, is over-leaping her mind and her body, you know. If her other self gets full and strong control, you know how it will be. Heart-in-the-Lodge, her other self, her

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

sweet self will be in the dead men's country, and her body self which we call Heart-in-the-Lodge, will be here with the people, always trying to find Takes-his-Shield, her lover, till she goes to the other life (Unma wiconi.)

OLD INDIAN

Poor child!

MEDICINE-MAN

Sleep is what she needs. I have given her an herb. I hope she will sleep.

A WOMAN

She does not sleep. She dreams, then she rises up and cries out, singing, "He is coming! He is coming, I see him coming, over the hills, over the hills." Then she falls back onto the bed and dreams again.

OTHER WOMAN

She throws out her arms like this, and she sings, "You have come, oh, you have come, and my heart is full of joy." Then she smiles and folds her arms across her breast like this. Then she dreams again.

OLD INDIAN

Perhaps Takes-his-Shield is not dead. He may be there alone suffering, longing to come to her. And so his other self comes here, and she can see him, you know, the same as a man on a journey homeward bound, longs to get home, and his other self outspeeds his body, and they see him at home two or three days before he gets home.

MEDICINE-MAN

Hiyoke saw him die, and he has made a song for the people, to celebrate his bravery.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

HIYOKE (singing)

I saw him fight, I saw him die,
One iron-hammer pierced his breast,
One iron-hammer broke his thigh.
He's dead; his spirit is at rest.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (rising up on the bed and singing)

He has come to me singing a song
In the meadowlark's musical strain,
And the winter was, oh, so long,
Till the meadowlark brought him again.
Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha,
Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha- (shuddering)
U-ugh, Takes-his-Shield, your hands are so cold!
Grandmother, make a fire, and let him warm his
hands.

A HERALD

He-yu-po! He-yu-po! Takes-his-Shield is
coming right here, or else one of his spirits is coming.

(Takes-his-Shield glides in. Heart-in-the-Lodge leaps from the bed and they embrace fondly by taking each other's hands and dancing gleefully. The people sway and the tomtom beats in harmony with their dancing.)

HIYOKE (singing)

If he's alive Hiyoke's dead;
He scares me so I've lost my head—
And was it I who bled and died,
And he has come to claim his bride?
(The people laugh at Hiyoke, and some cry out.)

SEVERAL

The-man-always-afraid! (Wakokipe-wicasa)!

GRANDMOTHER

Heart-in-the-Lodge, lie down on the bed and rest.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

What for, Grandmother, it is not night yet.
Don't make me go to bed in the daytime.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

GRANDMOTHER

Grandchild, you are sick. Lie down and rest.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Why, Grandmother, I know when I'm sick. I feel like dancing, don't make me go to bed.

A WOMAN

Child, they have been doctoring you all night.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

What for? See how well I am. (She dances.)

GRANDMOTHER

Child, obey your grandmother, and sit down here.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Yes, Grandmother.

(Heart-in-the-Lodge and Takes-his-Shield sit down side by side on the buffalo blanket.)

MEDICINE-MAN (passing a small bowl of medicine)

Here, drink this. You and Takes-his-Shield, drink it.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Don't make me drink medicine, Uncle. Is it bitter? Here, Takes-his-Shield, you drink it for me.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

I will let the Earth, our mother, drink it for the health of the people. (He Pours it out.)

MEDICINE-MAN

They are just now coming with the tomtom. They will make a wa-pee-ya for you and for Takes-his-Shield.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

No, don't make the wa-pee-ya for me. I am not sick. I am as well as a meadow, full of buffalo and elks and brooks and singing meadow-larks.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

The sacred wa-pee-ya of the people, with the voice of the tomtom reaching far away, and singing that comes from the heart echoing over the hills, is good for well people and for sick people. It helps the living men and it helps the dead men. And all my heart is full of joy to her the wa-pee-ya of our people once more. It will strengthen me for the long journey.

HIYOKE (quickly)

Long journey, what?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Back to our winter home on the Missouri river.

HIYOKE (approaching Takes-his-Shield)

Friend, tell me truly, is this your grave-spirit, or your tent-spirit, or your journey spirit, or your dead self, or your body self, or your other self?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Why, this is Takes-his-Shield. Have you forgotten him?

(The people laugh at Hiyoke and he is perplexed.)

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Look at me and see what I am. Hiyoke's poet eyes can see things inside out, and bottom side up. Hiyoke knows what a man is better than a man knows himself. Do I look strange?

HIYOKE

My mind and my eyes are tied up in a loop. I saw you die and I have made a song to celebrate your bravery.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Save the song till I am gone away somewhere.
(The people laugh.)

HIYOKE (singing dizzily)

You are less than a man,
You are more than a man,
And by straining my eyesight
The most that I can,
I cannot explain
The mysterious plan
Of the shadows that follow
An eagle-wing fan.

(The people laugh at Hiyoke and the tomtom is tapped indicating that he is sick and needs a wa-pee-ya.)

HIYOKE

I never felt so sick before. I will lie down.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

His fear makes him sick; he needs the wa-pee-ya.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (laughing)

Yes, make the wa-pee-ya for Hiyoke. He needs it, and we do not need it. (Laughter.)

SEVERAL

How, how, how, make the wa-pee-ya for Hiyoke, the poet.

(The tomtom beats lustily one long three short notes. The singers emphatically and melodiously intone the)

“Hi, Hi-hi-hi-i, Hi, hi-hi-hi-i,
Hi, hi-hi-hi-i, Hi, hi-hi-hi-i.”

(The key is quasi minor in keeping with the 6-note scale of the Hunk-pa-ti Indians. The lines are repeated any number of times, a falling tone at the end of each line, and with varying pitch and tone in each line. The people join in emphasizing the rhythm of the music with elastic movements of chest and body. A few dance on their feet. Hiyoke gets up and walks dizzily.)

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

MEDICINE-MAN

Hiyoke, how are you feeling now?

HIYOKE (trying to sing)

My head is whirling
Like treetops in a cyclone,
My heart is hurling
Itself against my breast-bone.

MEDICINE-MAN

Why, you are better; you are well; you can sing.

HIYOKE

No better, no better.

I feel so sick I cannot smile,
I cannot put away my fears;
My mother, rock me for awhile,
And bathe my cheeks in your kind tears.

(He staggers into his mother's arms, and she and his aunt lead him out.)

MEDICINE-MAN

The-mind-tipped-over (tawacin kaptan) is generally a woman's disease, but Hiyoke has got it as bad as any woman I ever saw. He has no disease in his body.

(The people laugh, and the tomtom is tapped.)

HERALD

Listen! Listen! The watchmen signal from the hills. When our young men go too near trying to pick up the wounded men, women and children, the soldiers shoot at them, but no one has been killed yet.

CHIEF

Tell them not to go too near. Tell them not to make the soldiers angry. How many of our people are now missing?

HERALD

Six hundred and eighty-two.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Missing? So many of our people missing? What is the matter? I thought Takes-his-Shield was the only one missing.

A WOMAN

Child, there was a battle yesterday.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (sobbing)

I just begin to remember it.

CHIEF

The missing people are not all killed. Seven families have just come into camp. Many more will come in.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

How many wounded people have been brought in?

CHIEF

Forty-eight men, women and children.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Forty-eight of our people wounded? Where are they? I will go and help take care of them. (She starts.)

GRANDMOTHER

No, stay here. They are taking care of the wounded ones.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Why do the soldiers want to kill our people?

CHIEF

They want revenge for what the Santees did in Minnesota. The Santees killed White women and children in Minnesota, and so the White soldiers do not spare Indian women and children anywhere. The Santees got across the river and escaped. The anger in the White men's hearts must be satisfied, and so they came here to kill us.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Will they follow us and kill us all?

CHIEF

We hope to make peace with them some way.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

How can the old men make peace with men so full of wicked thoughts?

CHIEF

The Santees tell us we shall have to give them all our land. When a Teton is angry a feast and a present cures his heart. When White men are angry nothing will cure their hearts but giving them the land. This beautiful land, our summer home, from the Gray-stone Hills to the James River, we must give to the White men, and leave it forever. And we must give them our land along the Missouri River, as much as they want. When the White men get all the earth, they will fence it in to keep Great Spirit and the dead men out of it.

(Brave-Bear approaches Takes-his-Shield and Heart-in-the-Lodge.)

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Why here comes Brave-Bear. I remember now, he brought me away from the battle last night as tenderly as my mother carried me when I was a child. Are you offended for that, Takes-his-Shield?

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

He and I are friends by a vow. Is not a man's friend one of his spirits? Is he not the same to you as I am?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (taking Brave-Bear's left hand in both her hands and crying)

Last night he was two of your spirits to me, your grave spirit and your journey spirit. (Kissing his hand). How good you were to me! Was I heavy?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

BRAVE-BEAR

No, you were not heavy, but my own feet got so heavy that I had to rest a few times by the trail. My friend, Takes-his-Shield, here is the sacred turtle you gave me last night. I now give back to you this turtle, and my vow, and Heart-in-the-Lodge.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

What? Why? Can a man give back, or take back, his vow?

BRAVE-BEAR

Your vow was made for death, when you made a sacrifice of yourself for the people. You have come back to the people alive, so take back the vow.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Death and life are one, when a man has seen both of them. Give the turtle to Heart-in-the-Lodge when you marry her.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (startled)

No, give the turtle to Grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER

To me! Me a bride? Children and grandchildren for me? The sacred turtle's good luck for a maiden is no more for her grandmother.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (startled)

Oh no, foolishness, foolishness! What is the matter with me? No, it can't be!

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Child whom I love, there is a good thought in your mind. Tell out the good thought, and do not hide it.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

I don't know. No, no, I am confused.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

BRAVE-BEAR

A thought like the morning star is in the mind of Heart-in-the-Lodge. Let the thought arise out of your mind, as the morning star arises out of the earth.

A WOMAN

Let the thought come out of your mind as a bird comes out of an egg, then it will fly away and be happy.

BRAVE-BEAR

You know what the old people say:

“A thought that will not break the egg
And fly away on high,
Is like a warrior with one leg,
Who cannot fight or fly.”

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (nervously)

Grandmother, what shall I do.

GRANDMOTHER

The first prairie rose said, “If I come up out of the earth, Whirlwind will blow out my life.” But when Whirlwind came to her, he said, “It is not in my heart to blow out the life of the little girl with a sweet breath, and a bright dress.” And that was the beginning of beauty in the land. Let the thought come up out of your mind, if it is new and bright.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (sobbing)

They will scold me. Oh, let me sleep and dream first, then—perhaps,

GRANDMOTHER

Remember the old song (singing):
“Sleeping makes a bright thought dull,
It kills the grain and leaves the hull.
Dreaming makes a dull thought bright,
And gives it wings for morning flight.”
If the thought is dark in your mind, dream over it. If it is new and bright, let it fly away.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

I thought—I thought—A man in our tribe sometimes has two wives, (crying) and why can't a maid have two husbands? (She cries bitterly.)

GRANDMOTHER

Oh-o-o-o, Child! You should have dreamed over that thought for a hundred moons! Such a strange thing was never heard of among our people!

(With her hand she throws her long loose hair forward over her face and cries pitifully.)

BRAVE-BEAR

Here, my friend, take back the sacred turtle. Your hesitation gives the poor child this pain.

TAKES-HIS-SHIELD

Friend Brave-Bear, always truthful like the sacred pipe, you are doing this out of the honesty in your mind, not out of the feeling in your heart. (Rising to his feet) A vow is sacred in life and in death. I have seen both. In the dead men's country I saw people who think they are still here in our Dakota country. The sacred wa-pee-ya did not make their minds clear at the moment when they were going away from us, and so they are confused. But they can still hear the music of the wa-pee-ya softly and faintly, and it is curing them. And some people who think they are here in our Dakota country, are really in the dead men's country. It bothers them to live by our Dakota customs. We blame them and call them inefficient (hunke-sni), and they themselves do not know what is the matter with them. As I was coming back from the dead men's country, I met an old Uncle who went to the dead men's country long before our people came here to our Dakota country. He told me what to do, and he had me vow to do it. He told me to go on a journey far Northwest, the same as men in our tribe went on

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

long journeys in the old times before White men came to this island to bother the people. He said my journey would last for many moons, and perhaps I would never come back to my people in this life. (Heart-in-the-Lodge fondling and kissing his right hand and crying). Sweet child whom I love, I am sure the sacred goodness (Mak-piyate Wowaste) in your virgin heart does not wish to hold me back from the vow which the old Uncle in the other life laid upon me.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (convulsively weeping)

I must not! I must not! It would make dark shadows follow us both forever.

(With a quick movement of the head assisted by the hands she clears the hair from her face and rises up saying:)

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Come with me, come with me, we will go and help take care of the wounded people. May I go, Grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, but do not tell any more of your thoughts. (She leaves followed by Brave-Bear and Takes-his-Shield.)

OLD BLIND HERALD (led by the child as formerly, and intoning)

He-yu-po! He-yu-po! Good luck! Good luck! Great Spirit is helping us, we shall not starve! The morning was cold, the night dark, but the noon-tide sun in my face is warm and cheerful. Great Spirit is with us, have no fear! We have some food! We have some food! Be merry and eat the food! Give thanks and eat the food! The hunters are returning to camp with buffalo meat! The tribe will feast in a circle, roasting their meat on the sacred embers in the old-time way. Let

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

us be merry, let us be pious as our fathers were in the old times! First of all, before any man eats meat or tastes of meat, make buffalo meat soup for the wounded people and the old people and the sick people! First of all, first of all, remember the helpless people!

HIYOKE (who has reappeared, dancing and singing)

Give Hiyoke the singer a buffalo hump,
Let him roast it on embers, don't make it in soup;
For there's joy in his heartbeats, instead of a
thump,
When he eats with his tribesmen, who eat in a
group.
The glad tone of the tomtom is curing his mind.
And the tone of the singing is soothing his fears;
And he tells you the Summer-god (Mdoketu),
loving and kind,
Will restore to his tribesmen the life-giving years.
(The tomtom is given 3-note heavy equal taps.)

THE PEOPLE

How, how, how, so let it be! (He-ecetu-ye-do.)

HERALD (with a startling, musical tone)

Ho-o-o! Ho-o-o!

THE PEOPLE

What? What is it?

HERALD (musically)

Takes-his-Shield has gone away miraculously.

THE PEOPLE

Where, where?

HERALD (musically)

Over the hills, over the hills, away, away!

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

CHIEF

Did he bid the people good-bye?

HERALD (musically)

A whisper to Heart-in-the-Lodge, away, away!

GRANDMOTHER

Where is Heart-in-the-Lodge?

HERALD (intoning)

She looked and wept, and when she started to follow him, the women caught her and held her back.

SEVERAL

Here she comes! Here she comes!

(As she is rushing across the stage women seize her.)

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Let me go! Let me go!

WOMAN

Listen, listen! Stay here with your people!

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Let go of me! Look! See him! Let me follow him!

CHIEF

Child your feet cannot follow him, he speeds away like the ghost of an elk.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Call a meadowlark to help me fly, ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha!

GRANDMOTHER

Child, obey your Grandmother and stay here.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

My heart is bad, you scold me lately! Let me go! I will go!

GRANDMOTHER

Sweet Child, remember the sacred law, and obey your Grandmother. Stay here!

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

Get away from me! Let go of me!
Look, look, he is gone, he is gone!
The shadow-men with him are gone!
Their footsteps in the zephyrs are gone!
Grandmother, fan me, my breath is gone!
It is cold, it is dark! Grandmother help me!
Grandmother, make a fire; I am freezing!
Grandmother, Grandmother, where are you?

GRANDMOTHER

This is your grandmother, do you see her?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

No.

GRANDMOTHER (kissing her)

Do you know her kiss?

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE (smiling)

Yes. I am tired. I want to rest.

GRANDMOTHER

Sweet Grandchild, come with me. I will find a place in the shadow of a tree where you can rest till the soldiers are gone.

(The women lead her away.)

HIYOKE (singing)

If he'd staid for the feast
And bidden her goodbye,
She could bear it at least,
When her heart heaves a sigh.

HEART - IN - THE - LODGE

(Note: Indians wish this song inserted here. I said: "It lacks the true Hiyoke tone." They answered, "Hiyoke had not recovered from his tawacin kaptan fully.")

OLD INDIAN

See, see the toad!

SEVERAL

Where, where?

OLD INDIAN

Hopping along, hopping along.

A WOMAN

She is lost. The home of the toads is down the river, over the hills.

A WOMAN

She must have come for something. What does it mean?

A WOMAN

I want the toad. My mother's wound is bad.

A WOMAN

My uncle's wound is sore and aching.

CHIEF

Young men have gone to the home of the toads. They will soon come back with a plenty of toads to suck the poison from many wounds, and kiss away the pain.

A WOMAN

Oh, see how large she is.

A WOMAN

And see how old she is! Her face has a hundred wrinkles.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

A WOMAN

And see how compassionate (waonsida) her eyes are.

AN OLD WOMAN

Why, this is the grandmother toad!

THE PEOPLE

How, how, the grandmother toad!

A CHILD

Where did the grandmother toad come from?

OLD INDIAN

She has her home in the earth under a hill.

AN OLD WOMAN

Her house is built of sparkling jewels, red, yellow, green and blue, like the rainbow.

AN OLD WOMAN

I saw her once before when I was a little girl.

A WOMAN

She must have come for something important.

HIYOKE (singing)

Takes-his-Shield has sent her here
To cure his lover's aching breast;
Because he holds her ever dear,
Wherever he may roam or rest.

THE PEOPLE

How, how, how, that is it. He has sent her.

CHIEF

Where is Heart-in-the-Lodge?

MEDICINE-MAN

She is over yonder in the shadow of a tree, covered up with blankets, in a deep, deep sleep. The noise of many battles would not awaken her now.

HEART-IN-THE-LODGE

BRAVE-BEAR (with a trembling voice)

I am not unmindful of the many wounded people, but, oh I do want the grandmother toad for Heart-in-the-Lodge.

THE PEOPLE

How, how, how, that is right.

MEDICINE-MAN

The women will place the grandmother toad on the poor child's breast. Then if she awakens from her deep sleep in the morning, her wound will be well, her mind will be cured, and we shall have the children and grandchildren of Heart-in-the-Lodge in the tribe. If she does not awaken from her sleep, the grandmother toad will guide her to the place where Takes-his-Shield, her lover, has gone.

(The medicine man gives the grandmother toad to Brave-Bear in a medicine bowl, and he carries her away, while the tomtom beats softly and the people sing.)

THE PEOPLE

The grandmother toad
Has full many a jewel,
The red and the yellow,
The green and the blue;
And when you are sad
And this life is most cruel,
The grandmother toad
Has a jewel for you.

(Note: An old Indian digging coal, thrust the bar, a sharpened steel gunbarrel, into a seam, prying it up, and out came a large toad. The bar had wounded the head of the toad and some blood was manifest. The Indian cried bitterly. Then, as an offering, he took from his own neck a beautiful sacred elk's tooth and tied it onto the neck of the toad.)



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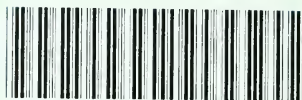
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